

# Deja Vu

Logic

Aight, something I can relate to  
Is being called "colored," "mullato," "zebra," "Lite-Brite"  
You niggas questioning if I can even say "Nigga"  
DJ Drama (Gangsta-)

Okay, I've been there, I've done that  
This rap shit had to get 'round from that  
My therapy helping the boy unpack  
Yeah, the reason I left and don't wanna come back  
Made a hundred million and was still depressed  
You know with or without it, we still stressed  
You know with or without it, we still blessed  
Stealth mode like Ellie in Hillcrest  
Yeah, everybody gonna die, gonna go, I know  
That's why I flow like a river, my liver can't take no more  
Ain't no more fucks to give, I gotta live my life  
Regardless if you think I'm living it right  
I was born in the dark now I live in the light  
Bitch, I'm ready to fight like I'm Tyson  
This shit is enticin', them diamonds on my neck be icin' (Goddamn)  
Bitch, I inspired a generation  
People that feel like they had nowhere they could belong, stuck in the simulation  
Bitch, I am the king of innovation  
But everybody got what they got from something else  
I'm something else, I'm on the floor, you on the shelf  
I'm in the ring, I got the belt, the hands been dealt  
I am the king, this shit beyond the bling  
And all the things that I thought this rap would bring  
Back in the day in the trap, I was gripping the gat  
As a matter of fact, I was dealin' with hella anxiety  
And now today, well, I still got anxiety (Gangsta Grizzllz)  
It's fucking with my sobriety and the outlook that I have on society  
It could be cripplin', even if your bank account steady triplin'  
Because the money and fame, success and the game  
Has nothing to do with the life of happiness you plan to attain  
Gripping this grain  
Everybody gonna die, gonna go, yes, I know that's for sure  
Everybody wanna act, they wanna act like I motherfucking fell off  
'Cause I did everything but get the Grammy  
And I'd rather raise a family, rather be home and off of my phone  
And all these other rappers soundin' like clones, leave me alone  
You think you got it, better get to praying  
Who you know go toe-to-toe with Em?  
"Homicide," might have to go again  
Student of the game, I studied him  
JAY-Z, Nasir, and Rakim  
Bitch, I got a million plaques, a million tracks, a million racks  
A million facts to let 'em all know  
That I'm ready to go, fade away, then fade to black for sure  
All this shit you rapping wack for sure  
Murder like Amity, peep the Calamity Ganon  
I stay with the cannon, they talking that shit in the Discord  
You know I'ma ban 'em, pull up in the Maybach and never the Phantom  
Recorded Incredible True Story in a two-story  
Could barely afford the rent, that's a true story  
So don't pass it, decade later, it's a classic

What can I say? I guess I won't fade away

All day, every day

We was on that block until we made a way

Day to day, man, that's the only way

They gon' know my name until it fade away (Gangsta Grizzillz)

Fade away, fade away

They gon' know my name until it fade a- ('Way, 'way, 'way, 'way)

Uh, fade away

Uh, they gon' know my name until it fade away

They say, "Damn

DJ Drama don't look like what he sound like"

Well, what you niggas expect?

Yeah, this light-skin nigga's the greatest to ever talk that talk (Ultra 85)

Logic